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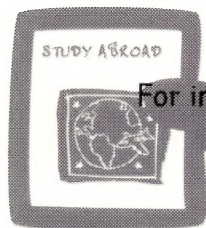
THE AUBURN CIRCLE



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ENTRY PASSWORTH BARCODE COMPONENTS
NUMBER 0.00000

ENTRY TOPIC: DETRITH DEL. (1/1/1972)

THIS PAGE LISTS ALL THE EDITORIAL STAFF MEMBERS AND THEIR TITLES

ALL PHOTOGRAPHS AND ILLUSTRATIONS ARE FROM STOCK PHOTOGRAPHY. PAINT STROKES WERE CREATED BY THE DESIGN DIRECTOR AND ASSISTANT. MAIN FONTS INCLUDE: MARITIME FOR BODY TEXT AND BATHSHEARS AND KARENHOUSE FOR SIGNATURES AND PAGE IDENTIFICATION. HEADS AND SMALL TEXT.



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- ART DIRECTOR unknown?
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The Auburn Circle accepts works from students, staff and alumni of Auburn University. Prose, poetry, essays and articles should be typed. The Auburn Circle has access to IBM and Macintosh computers. It is preferred that artwork be submitted on slide, but originals are accepted. All original artwork remains in The Auburn Circle offices and is photographed to reduce risk of damage (all artwork will be returned upon request). We accommodate artwork of any size and shape. Original copies of photographs are required for submission. Collections of related works by artists or photographers are accepted for our Gallery section. All submissions become property of The Auburn Circle on a one-time printing basis, with reserved rights for possible reprinting of material at a later date.

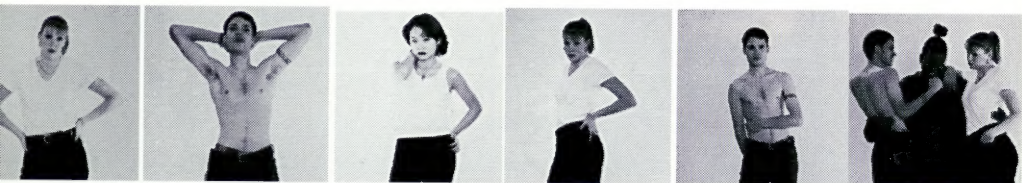
The Auburn Circle is located in the Publications Suite, basement of Foy Union. For more information, call 844-4122, or write:

The Auburn Circle
Publications Suite, Foy Union Bldg.
Auburn University, AL 36849

Please include your name, phone number, address, and a 2-3 sentence bio with submissions.



The models are Allyson Beecroft, an Accounting major 04, Simon Strom, a Graphic design major 04, and Yoko Kawakami, an Economics major 03



Call to become a part of Auburn history.

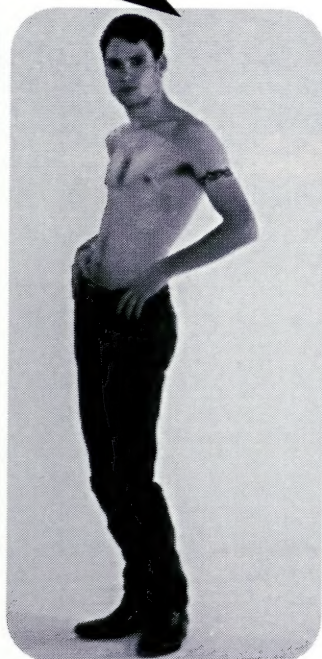
AC_{one}

Yoko Simon Allyson

844-4122



"My balogna has a first name"



"I can't believe it's not butter."



"Cleopatra Jones"

*Other advertisements featuring these models can be found on pages 4 and 57

THE MAGAZINE CIRCLES, FOUNDED BY ADVERTISING AND STUDENT ACTIVITY FEELS, SPOKE AS A FORUM FOR WRITERS AND ARTISTS WITHIN THE UNIVERSITY COMMUNITY. IT WAS IN 1961 THAT A READING COMMITTEE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, BERKELEY, CALIF. AND PHOTOGRAPHY, THE JOURNAL OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, BERKELEY, CALIF. AND THE JOURNAL OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, BERKELEY, CALIF. WERE ESTABLISHED TO PROMOTE THE JOURNAL AND THE ARTISTS. THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, BERKELEY, CALIF. BOARD OF STUDENTS' REPRESENTATION (BOS) EMPLOYED ADVERTISING IN THE JOURNAL CIRCLES. THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, BERKELEY, CALIF. BOARD OF STUDENTS' REPRESENTATION (BOS) EMPLOYED ADVERTISING IN THE JOURNAL CIRCLES. THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, BERKELEY, CALIF. BOARD OF STUDENTS' REPRESENTATION (BOS) EMPLOYED ADVERTISING IN THE JOURNAL CIRCLES.

editor's notes:

Dan explains what he's thinking in this group of body text and what he wants to accomplish with this issue.

How?
A Discussion on the Nature and Tendencies of Art (a.k.a. Read this-- it's better than the title suggests.)

We here at the *Auburn Circle* were very happy with the reaction to the last issue. Not only did people enjoy it, they consumed it. For the first time in a long while, we ran out of issues. As I said before, we were very happy.

Yet, we did have one negative comment which was this: "the magazine is depressing." Some said that the last issue was a bunch of down-endings, that there was nothing sweet and uplifting. I didn't completely agree (hey, there was sweet and uplifting material in there!) but it got me thinking: can a magazine like the *Auburn Circle* appeal to everybody on the Auburn University campus? Should it even try?

Now, I tend to be a diplomat a la Bill Clinton (in other words, I try hard to please) so this is hard for me to say: the answer to both of these questions is no. The *Auburn Circle* must maintain a high level of integrity, choosing the absolute best work that comes in to our office. This is undoubtedly hard, especially as we have had so many excellent submissions for both of the last two issues. In the last issue, we just happened to have an abundance of great work that dealt with hard topics such as death, suicide, retardation, and poverty.

Now, as we approach the winter quarter, which has often been

associated with depression and burn-out, you might expect that the AC would be providing the school with what Shakespeare might call a "winter of... discontent." But not so. The artistic world of poets, authors, artists, and photographers has never bought into a seasonal mood and they haven't now. In fact, this issue can best

be defined by the term "arbitrary," or, better yet, "diverse." This time we've truly got something for everyone-- in *Hamlet* (sorry, I'm on a Shakespeare kick), Polonius said good drama should be "tragical- comical- historical- pastoral." If you added "psychedelical" and "grungical" you would have this issue of the *Auburn Circle*.

Now, isn't that exciting?

Of course a critic could follow *Hamlet's* line of argument and say that Polonius was a "tedious old fool." But it must be remembered that *Hamlet* killed him and showed little remorse, so all that *Hamlet* had to say about Polonius must be viewed as biased.

And, even if Polonius is a "tedious old fool," well, after all, even fools have, like alcoholics, moments of clarity.

Let me surmise this: being an account, this "much ado about nothing," this academic crayola work, with this statement: read the magazine. Enjoy the art. Whether you're a Shakespeare buff or a mathematician, a veterinarian or undeclared, you will find something worthwhile and helpful in here. I promise. Picture this, also-- someday, you may want to hook up with a member of the opposite sex who is an artist. When they say they're into 3-D art, you will want to know that they mean statues, etc., and not "holograms."

So, peruse, enjoy, and stay open. Wait no longer-- the really good stuff is what you'll find in the following pages, not here in the editorial.

Deadline For Submissions March 14



Become an Auburn Circle model



1.00005



Tunnel of Vision .photograph. JULIE CURTIS

JULIE CURTIS IS A GRAPHIC DESIGN MAJOR WITH A MINOR IN MARKETING. AFTER GRADUATING SHE WANTS TO GET A GOOD JOB OR GO TO GRAD. SCHOOL FOR PHOTOGRAPHY AND WORK FOR A CLIMBING MAGAZINE. SHE WANTS TO ONE DAY CLIMB THE HIGHEST POINTS ON ALL SEVEN CONTINENTS, EXCEPT EVEREST... BECAUSE SHE DOESN'T WANT TO DIE.

WAX FIGURE of John Milton

(1)

Did the sculptor weep
 As he shaped your eyes with their inner vision
 That saw not the woman but the saint
 Not sunlight but hope
 Did his hands tremble
 As he sculpted your own
 That held not the pen but prayer

(2)

My being stilled when I saw you
 Towering over popes and kings
 A pause beyond reach of time and emotion
 Made emotion vital, as my tears testified
 Remembering how you claimed abandoned faith
 Crushed it to diamond dust
 Sprinkled it upon Lucifer and the first morning
 And blessed my eyes pearls of Eden

TIANA BRACHEL

TIANA BRACHEL IS A GRADUATE STUDENT WHOSE LITERARY INTERESTS INCLUDE JOHN MILTON, CARSON MCCOLLERS, AND TENNESSEE WILLIAMS. TIANA'S HOBBIES INCLUDE DABBLING IN AROMATHERAPY AND BLENDING HER OWN PERFUME-- WHICH IS WHY SHE SUBMITTED THE SWEETEST-SMELLING MANUSCRIPT THIS QUARTER!

1.00007

Falling Out

It was a conversation.
Then a chat
which went to a word
Like hello,
Then Hi.
From there a smile,
Then a nod
Of acknowledgement.
An eyebrow twitch
And then nothing
At all.

JARED KERR

JARED KERR IS A SENIOR IN MICROBIOLOGY. HE HAS AN OVERABUNDANCE OF ANIMALS--2 SNAKES, 3 CATS, AND A BIRD. HE SPENDS HIS SPARE TIME SAVING THE WORLD. HE HAS NO FAVORITE FOODS. HE APPLIED TO MED SCHOOL AND CURRENTLY RESEARCHES ECOLI. HIS INSPIRATION COMES FROM HIS CAT KAILIN.

I, Author

I gather up my strength, popping my knuckles,
and begin, forming their flesh with my soundless voice, ink on paper.

A little piece of my shattered heart I break off
and place in each of them, my creations, so that they may see to live.

I loan against my soul I give to them, so that
soulless as they are, they may be allowed to touch you in my name.

They speak with a voice separate and distinct,
channeling my will but not exhibiting it, this is how it feels to be a god.

Blood I drain from them, liters of the stuff,
to paint, with red pain a thing of exquisite beauty for others to behold.

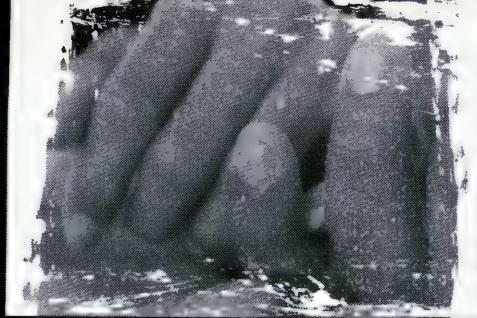
Deathless, they in their lifeless lives could
outlast me, holding my memory, the only part of me beyond the mortal.

For they are my creations, the bittersweet
golden tears which my heart cries as it searches for what it is to be human.

ROBERT R. SANDERS

ROBERT R. SANDERS IS A MECHANICAL ENGINEER IN HIS SECOND YEAR AT AUBURN. HE ENJOYS READING, WRITING AND SCIENCE FICTION. HE IS AN AVID BABYLON 5 FAN.

1.00009



The Lamb



All that is Hard

CHRISTOPHER L. SAGER

I am six, and my parents, two brothers, and I are at Impatiens Creek. I don't like fishing because of the worms. We come here every Sunday after Dad's sermon. I am playing in the wooded area around the water. My older brother Jason is playing too. Someone says that they can't find my little brother. He is two, and he is missing in the woods. I am scared because I think he is in the water, and not alive. Dad calls me names for losing his baby, and then he makes me put my nose up against a tree. I think of the color red, and I cry a lot of tears. I push my nose against the tree hard because I am bad, and I want Dad to know that I am sorry. I wonder if daddy dogs tell their puppies that they are dirty boys when they are bad. They find my little brother crying in a shallow opening in the earth near the muddy, brown water. I hate him now because he is the reason Dad thinks I am bad.

My nose is still pressed against the tree, and I count the leaves that fall on my shoulders. I am up to 12, and Mom comes over to my side. I don't look at her because Dad will get mad if he sees my nose away from the dogwood. Her tears are like rain, and she says that Allen is safe. I stand there as if I am a branch. Dad is gathering the fishing gear. I don't see but he is telling Jason to load up. The wind is whipping my brown hair over my eyes, but I don't move to brush it back in place. Mom does it for me, and I am angry because she comes too late to my side. She pulls me from my punishment, but I don't want to go. Dad will not see that I am trying to be better. My nose has scratches because I pressed so hard. I hope Dad sees them, and tells me that he is sorry, but I know that he won't.

Later, I pray that my parents will not

Dad said
that the
Earth will
be cold
like winter
all day
long, and
dark with
evil

argue anymore. The sounds are unbearable and I want to run between them, and tell them that "goddamn" is using God's name in vain. Dad knows that it is bad to use His name in vain, and it hurts to hear him doing it anyway. Two weeks ago he preached about how the sun and moon lose a little light every time someone says goddamn. Dad said that the earth will be cold like winter all day long, and dark with evil. He said that when all of the light is gone the Devil will be able to move about without anyone seeing him, and he will creep into everyone's dreams. That is how it feels now: cold and dark. Even though it is early fall, I am shaking with chills and fear. I want to hold them, and tell them that I am sorry for mentioning ice cream, or a hamburger, or whatever had gotten them on the subject of the latest argument. Jason tells me that I did it again, and I want to drown in my tears. But I stay in my bed.

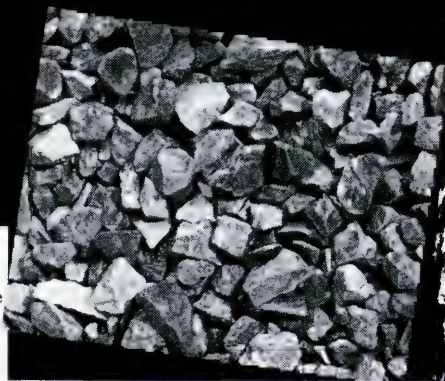
I am afraid that the Devil is here in

the room, and I can't sleep. I try to count lambs, but the first lamb, a baby, cannot jump the fence, so I watch him fall over and over again. The other lambs are not patient. They scream at him, and he cries. And I cry with him. I bury myself under the soft pillow, and curl up tight to keep my sobs on my side of the room. The pillow doesn't protect me from Dad's deep voice, and I want to lose my breath under the weight of the cotton. I count the seconds that I can stand to be without my mouth and nose--I am close to death at 42 seconds. My brother Jason is still awake, and prefers to ignore the sounds. I am convinced that he is stone, and I am everything that is not hard.

It is morning now, and I am getting ready for

school. But today my stomach is hurting like lambs being hit with stones. This is what happens when my sobs don't stay on my side of the room. Jason hates me because I make Dad so mad. He knows that I won't go tell on nights like those. I tell Mom goodbye, and open-close door. I hide behind the big chair in the corner, and listen to her clean. I am scared that school will call, and they will know. I start to cry because my stomach hurts more. The vacuum cleaner starts, and Mom pulls back the big chair. It scares her to see me curled up tight, keeping my sobs in the corner. I tell her my stomach hurts, and I cry because I feel like I am bad. She hugs me, and tells me that if I am sick that I can always stay at home. I am convinced that she is soft like

I am afraid that the Devil is
here in the room...



that I must be everything
that is not good.

He tells me to get my
ass back in bed, so I
slouch upwards without
words. I take off my green
short sleeved shirt, and
throw it hard into the cor-
ner. I think that if I
could throw a baseball hard
like Jason then Dad would
say I was good. I pick up
the shirt again and again,
throwing it hard against
the darker side of the
room, Jason's side, the one
without a window that lets
me see the cars on Maple
Avenue. I look out that
window when Dad comes home
after dinner. I listen to
him crunch up all of the
new leaves with his heavy
feet. My back is to the
window when I am throwing
the shirt because I don't
want to see the cars. I
only want one thing right
now, and that is to throw

He tells me to get my ass back in bed...

me.

I am in bed
now, and Dad is home
for lunch. He is
mad because I am
still in bed, and
tells Mom that he
never stayed home
from school. I
start to get out of
bed and get
dressed. I want to
show him that I am
hard like him. He
is on the porch,
and I run down the
stairs to show him
my speed. He does
not look inside the
door because he is
reading the paper.
If I could read I
would grab a paper
too, but I can't
read, so I just
watch him turn the
black and white
pages. He sees me
and says that he
knew that I was not
sick, and he yells
at me like the
Devil. When he
preaches his voice
is hard against
evil, and he says
that's how you scare
the Devil. I am
scared, and I know

2.00013

We walk right past Mom.

hard like Jason.

"David Wells," Dad shouts, while grabbing quick at his buckle. He is in the doorway, and is mad. He says that he knew that I stayed out of school to play, and he will take me to school after he teaches me to do right. He folds his black belt into a loop, and waits for me to drop my blue jeans to the floor. I hurry because it is harder if he has to wait. I think of the color red, and the sting is hot like fire. I hold my breath and relax the muscles in my rear because it is worse when you tighten up. I act like it is midnight, and I can't see anything but the dark inside my eyes. I do this because I'm going to cry, and Dad will think that I'm not strong. My stomach is even worse than before, but I move across the room to get my green shirt. I put it on, and Dad watches me through his thick glasses. I know that he is waiting, so I hurry like a lamb being chased by a wolf. He doesn't talk to me, so I don't look at his eyes.

We walk right past Mom. Her arms are reach-

Dad doesn't like soft things....



ing out for me, but I walk right on by. She is soft, and I do not want to be like her anymore. Dad doesn't like soft things, and I want to tell Mom to be hard like us, but when you are hard you don't say things like that. It's something that you have to learn on your own, I guess. I look back to tell her with my eyes that I am different than I was this morning behind the chair. She clings to Allen, and cries because she realizes that he

is the only one soft enough to hold now.

My bicycle is lying in the grass, and Dad points at it, and shoots me with a look like I am not with Jesus. He gives lots of people that look when they talk during the services. I pick the bike up easy because my body hurts all over. The grass is wet because it rained last night, and Dad said that if I wanted a rusty bike then he would have gotten me one from the junkyard. I don't say anything back because he doesn't like sass. I just roll the bike into the garage, and lay it against the wall furthest from the car. I know not to put it close to the car now, and I want Dad to see that I remembered what he said about respect for his property. He's in the car,

and only wants me to hurry.

On the way to school, I sit in the back so Dad doesn't have to look at me. His hands are tight around the wheel, and I watch his knuckles get white. They look like four bright stars-- shooting stars because they move from side to side. I lose time watching his hands, and I start to talk to God in my head. I ask Him how to get over the fence that keeps me from Dad's love. God tells me, "Try harder. Harder. Harder!" We pull up in front of the school, and Dad hurries me along with a grip on my neck that is tight like my stomach. I am not going to cry, though. I am like Dad and Jason now. I am everything that is not soft.

Try Harder

CHRISTOPHER L. SAGER 22, IS A FIFTH YEAR SENIOR PURSUING A DOUBLE MAJOR IN PSYCHOLOGY AND RELIGION. HE IS CAPTURED BY INEFFABLE BEAUTY OF ALL THAT IS NOT HARD. UPON GRADUATING IN THE SPRING OF 1997, HE IS CONSIDERING A RHINESTONE EXISTENCE IN DALLAS

3.00015

Down city streets darkened
Straight marble hunches toward center.
My mind reels
like old black and white films,
too fast, and soundless.

I remember oak trees
lining the path,
Spanish moss softening
the tangled branches
that protect the skin from light;

I miss the smell of honeysuckles.

Now, sulfuric exhaust
lingers when the cars vanish,
my feet trace the yellow stains,
and the buildings lean
in to whisper their memories
through wind that knocks
my dress into my legs.

Itching to rediscover the child,
fever whipping me on,
My arms flap,
mouth moves silently,
words flash across the screen.

KATHERINE PERRY

RETURNING HOME

WHILE NURSING A RECENT WOUNDING FROM A LOVE DISPLACED, KATHERINE PERRY IS PUSHING HARD TO GRADUATE FROM AUBURN WITH HER ENGLISH DEGREE. IN LESS TURBULENT TIMES, SHE FINDS HER EXCITEMENT IN THE WORLD OF HER FAVORITE WRITERS. OCCASIONALLY, SHE WISHES THAT SHE COULD FIND THE GUTS TO SKYDIVE.



Plight of the Soldier, oil on canvas, P. Frances Miller

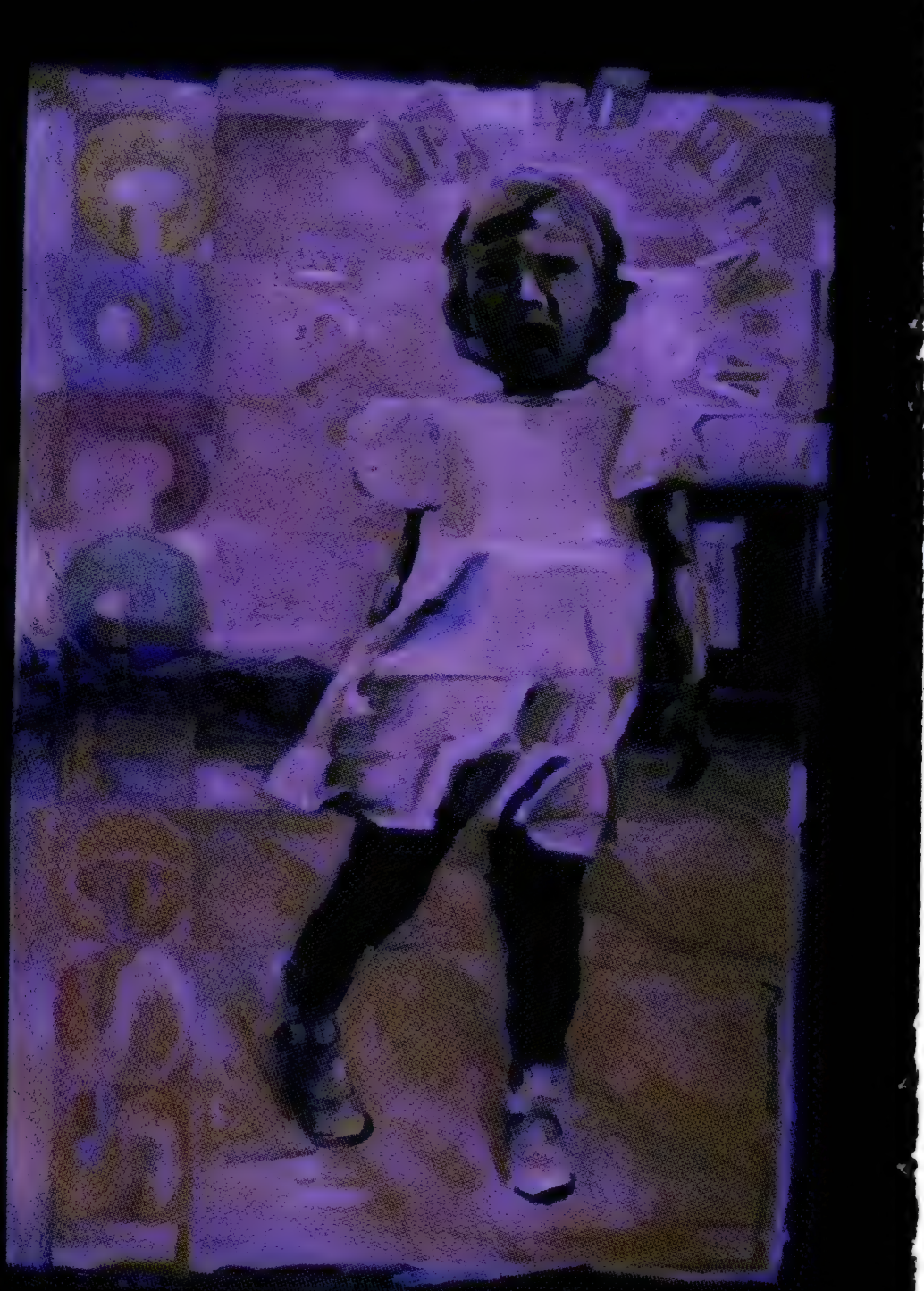
P. FRANCES MILLER IS A GRAD STUDENT FROM WILSON, NORTH CAROLINA, WITH A BFA IN PAINTING AND CERAMICS. THE WEIRDEST THING ABOUT FRANCES IS THAT FRANCES IS TOO NORMAL... FRANCES SAYS "DESTINY WILL MEET YOU HALF WAY-- FAITH WILL CARRY YOU THE REST." FRANCES' FAVORITE MOVIE IS KINDERELLA.



Blue oil on canvas. P. Frances Miller



Simple Savior, oil on canvas, P. Frances Miller



TAKE ME RIGHT oil on canvas. P. Frances Miller



Ignorance.photograph.Julie Curtis

NANCY CRAIG REAVES

Waiting

A little before seven this morning Iris Hanley lit the gas space heater in Edna Ainsworth's kitchen and started singing the song that, for the past five years, has been Edna's signal that morning has finally come and it's all right to get up. "Tra-la-la, tweedle-de-dee-dee, it gives me a thrill..." she sang, listening for Edna's answering line as she headed down the hall. "Come on, Miss Edna," Iris called while she felt for the light switch, "You're supposed to say 'to wake up in the morning to the mockingbird's trill,' ain't you?" Iris ran a

Edna hadn't been lost since the day before...

smoothing hand
 across the empty
 bed on her way
 to check the
 bathroom. "You
 sitting there in
 the dark, Miss
 Edna?" Iris
 squinted through
 the door, then
 frowned her puz-
 zlement. Edna
 hadn't been lost
 since the day
 before Iris came
 to live-in and
 keep her house,
 and, that time,
 it was different.
 Edna had locked
 herself out of the
 house when she
 went out after
 dark to feed the
 cats, and, seeing
 no lights on at
 her neighbor's
 house, decided to
 spend the night in
 the car. Edna's
 daughter, Iva Lea,
 had come over the
 next morning to
 look for her moth-
 er after the milk-
 man called to say
 Miss Edna wasn't
 up to serve him
 coffee as usual,
 and he was afraid
 something might be
 wrong.

It had
 taken Iva Lea less
 than three minutes

to make a thorough search of
 the house and to call 911 to
 report that Edna had been
 kidnapped. "That's the only
 thing that could have hap-
 pened," she kept telling the
 911 operator, who, holding
 the receiver some distance
 from her ear, kept replying,
 "I can hear you all right,
 Miss Ainsworth. The chief
 himself is on the way." Iva
 Lea was standing in the car-
 port listening for police
 sirens and waving her hand-
 kerchief when she glanced
 into her mother's car and
 found that her mother was
 sleeping soundly on the back
 seat. She beat on the win-
 dow of the 1976 LeSabre,
 yelling, "Mama! Oh, Lord,
 Mama!" until Edna woke up.

"You could wake the
 decomposed dead, Iva Lea,"
 Edna whispered as she unfold-
 ed herself from the fetal
 ball she had formed during
 the night and reached to
 pull up the door lock.
 Shivering in the early
 October chill, Edna tried to
 explain to her only child
 that she had locked the door
 on purpose because she would
 sleep better that way, not
 having to worry that someone

would come up and surprise her. Iva Lea pushed her mother into the house, force-fed her a bowl of Wheatina, and tucked her so tightly beneath the electric blanket that the older woman could hardly wiggle her toes. Then she called Iris on the telephone.

"You did such a good job taking care of my friend Yvonne Dixon's mother," Iva Lea said to Iris, "and Mother needs constant supervision. She's over ninety, you know. And she could have frozen to death last night."

"And she ain't been lost again, up to now," muttered Iris as she ran back down the hall and rushed to the half-glass door that led from the kitchen to the carport. Just as she turned the key in the dead-bolt, Iris spotted the woman's tiny figure standing behind the car, barely under the shelter of the wood, where the rain splashed onto and into her S.A.S.

Edna was dressed in a navy checked front-zipped poylester dress

oxfords. Edna was dressed in a navy checked front-zipped poylester dress that was too short in the back--hiked up, Iris said--because of her hump. Iris cracked the kitchen door. "Aint's you cold out there, Miss Edna? It's thirty degrees." Edna had on her lightweight gray sweater--a Goodwill Store bargain. She turned to look at Iris.

"You think I'm not dressed warm enough?"

Iris looked at Edna's thin legs. "Them stockings is nothing but holes strung together with nylon," she said. "Come on in here, Honey. Get you something hot to eat."

Edna tapped her walking stick against the concrete as she walked toward the door. "This is my third leg." She held it up for Iris to see as she stepped up the two steps to the door. She had already put her teeth in. "See how light it is?" Edna sometimes told how she had made it herself from a sapling, back in the days when she walked through the woods behind her house. "I'm going to get a patent on it."

"Yes ma'am." Iris

closed the door and found an afghan to put over Edna's lap. "Let's leave your hat on a minute--until you thaw out." She patted the army green knit cap that Edna insisted still had a lot of good left in it because the moths had eaten mostly around the edges.

"I thought they'd have been here by now."

"Who you looking for, Honey?" Iris was rubbing first one and then the other of Edna's cold hands, toweling her feet.

"Somebody called on the phone, didn't they? So and so?"

"Somebody might come, Honey. Miss Iva Lea might come by after her Daughters of the Revolution meeting."

Edna pulled her hat off. "Somebody called us a while ago, I think."

"Your hair's electrified, Miss Edna. You ought to see it."

"Going every way for Sunday?"

"That's right." Iris winked at the old woman.

"Every way for Sunday. And today be Wednesday, so we'll have to damp it and comb it before Miss Iva Lea get here."

"Or she'll make us, won't she?"

"Yes ma'am. Miss Iva Lea like you looking pretty." Iris put the biscuits into the oven.

Edna picked up the old

album from the roll-top desk beside her and looked at some of the pictures that were stuffed haphazardly among its pages. "This was my grandmother's memory book." Edna slowly turned the thick pages, most of which were disconnected from the book's spine. Stamped in gold on the front was the year 1868. "We need to organize it, don't we?"

"We been trying, don't you know, but most them picture's don't have names on them. Letters and cards stuck in there don't have no dates except something like 'Friday a.m.' We can't tell what year, can we?"

"We need to write it on the back, don't we?"

"If you recognize somebody, you tell me and I'll write it."

"This one's Uncle Marvin and his family. He was my daddy's little brother that married Aunt Dolly and had Frank, Lucy, Darby

2.00025

and Clopton for children. He ran a sawmill." Edna traced the faces of the figures in the photograph with a long, thin finger. "They used to come visit with all those snotty-nosed children, and my mama would have to chase them. Aunt Dolly'd say she had a headache but that wasn't it."

"What was it?" Iris set the frying pan off the eye of the stove.

"She was the laziest woman in the world. If she could have gotten somebody to breathe for her, she would've. That's the truth."

Iris found a pen in the top desk drawer. "You said Marvin?" She turned the picture over.

"Did I? Write down what I said."

"Your daddy's little brother?"

"Isn't that right?"

Iris wrote down all the names she could recall

from what Edna had said. She didn't usually get a second chance when Miss Edna remembered something; it would come and go too fast. She stuck the picture back in the book and helped Edna to the table. "You sit here, Honey. I'll have your breakfast ready in a minute."

"You sit here and eat with me," Edna said as if this were the first day she had thought to say that. "We got a lot in common."

Iva Lea came by about two in the afternoon, while Edna sat in the living room playing solitaire on a metal T.V. tray. She retired three years ago from her position as principal of J.W. Woodson Wallace High School, the only college preparatory school in Walton county, Georgia, and could go to meetings in the middle of the day now.

"That ribbon looks real nice, Iva Lea," Edna said as her daughter leaned down to kiss her cheek. Edna reached toward the long red and white striped ribbon attached to Iva Lea's bosom and touched the vice regent's pin and the regular membership pin.

"Really nice, mother. It looks really nice."

"Yes it does." Edna looked up at her daughter with the funny, secretive look that time had sculpted into her face. "You having a good day?"

"Except for the rain." Iva Lea watched her mother lay red on black, jack on queen, 3 on 4. "Why is it you never forget how to play solitaire, Mother, but you can't remember what day it is?"

"I know what day it is." Edna sat up as straight as she could and turned over an ace of hearts from the stack. She filled in the fourth space in her top row.

"What day is it?" Iva Lea asked as she made a mental note to call the beauty parlor to make an appointment for her mother to get a permanent.

"Don't you know?" Edna covered the ace of spades with the king she turned over next.

"Of course I know. It's Wednesday."

"That's right, Iva

Lea. Wednesday." Edna added a 2 and 3 of hearts to the other ace.

"Did you know today's your birthday, mother?" Iva Lea was looking at her mother's legs. She added buying stockings to her mental list.

"Hadh't thought about it yet. One day's good as the other."

"Do you know how old you are?"

"You're only as old as you feel."

"How old do you feel, Mother?"

"Is this a test, Iva Lea?" Edna looked her daughter in the eye until Iva Lea looked away.

"Of course not, Mother. I just wondered if you knew you were ninety-six years old."

"Well, let's not advertise that."

Iva Lea watched her mother's game in silence until the older woman fell asleep with the card she was about to play in her hand.

2.00027

"That's when the trouble started."

Iva Lea said to

Iris when she found her in the

laundry room, taking sheets out of

the dryer. "When she started

falling asleep like she just did.

Right in the middle of doing

something."

"She just rests her eyes, Miss Iva Lea."

"That's what she said ten years

ago, when I saw her sleeping on

the six o'clock news." The cameraman filming

the City Council debate over a

zoning variance apparently

thought Edna's somnolence worthy

of thirty seconds air time,

probably, Iva Lea guessed,

because Edna had served four consecutive

six-year terms and had just

announced for her fifth campaign.

Iva Lea called Edna up

during the newscast to say

that she had seen her sleeping

on the

Channel 9 Nightly News.

"She told me 'I was resting my eyes, Iva Lea.

Everybody knows your eyes need rest.'"

Iris moved some folded clothes out of the chair in

the laundry room so Iva Lea could sit down. "But I

swear, Iris, much as she's embarrassed me all my life,

I'd rather have her back the old way. Now it's like she's

somebody else."

"She embarrassed you?" "Lord, yes. From the

time I was a little girl." Iva Lea tugged upwards at the

waist of her queen-sized pantyhose before she settled

into the sagging split oak bottom of the chair Iris had

fixed for her. "She'd come up to my school every after-

noon to walk me home like all the mothers did, but they'd

be fresh and powdered up in their crisp starched cotton

dresses. Mother came some days straight from the flower

garden with dirt under her nails, or some days with oil

paint smeared across her forehead from where she'd

been painting pictures of flowers instead of growing

them."

"She know the name of every kind of plant in this

yard. We walk around and she would show me this little

wild violet, she say viola cucullata. She like the way

that sound. She say cucullatta all day sometime, so

she won't forget it." Iris sprayed starch on the pillow cases before she started

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"The ones she got in that demonstration with?"

"She met them when she started taking those free-to-senior-citizen courses. They were some kind of environmentalists." Iva Lea stood up and took one end of the sheet Iris was folding. "Wasn't so bad she took part in the demonstration out at the park."

plant. Worst thing was she chained herself to the fence when the security guard tried to make them leave. Got herself arrested and photographed for the front page of the next morning's paper." Iva Lea followed Iris to the linen closet in the hall and watched her put the sheets into the stack labeled Double Bed at the edge of the shelf, and the towels in the space labeled Blue Bathroom. She was glad to see that Iris was using the organization helps that she, herself, had instituted when she moved her mother to this smaller, more efficient home.

When they got to the bedroom, Iris put Edna's underwear in the top drawer of the dresser, and Iva Lea sat on the side of her mother's bed. "She lost her mind after I made her retire from City Council. That

3.00029

makes it my fault."

"She ain't lost her mind, Miss Iva Lea." Iris sat down on the dressing table stool.

Iva Lea had told her mother that night after the sleeping newscast that if she didn't withdraw from the election, she'd go to the driver's license bureau herself and tell them about her tunnel vision, and that would be the end of her driving. "You're too old," she had said, "and if your eyes need resting, you can rest them in the privacy of your own home." Edna called a press conference and announced that she was withdrawing because of other pressing duties, and that she was throwing her support to Farley Lafcowitz, the owner of the Ford dealership who had opposed her in every election since her second term. Farley, she told the television cameras, would bring youthful vigor to city government. He was in his early seventies at the time. Edna

was guest of honor at Farley's before-election-day victory party, and had wound up on the front page of the paper again, doing the twist with one of Iva Lea's former students.

"She didn't lose her license because you told on her?"

"Does she say that's why she lost it?"

"No ma'am. She don't say."

"She lost it herself pretty soon after that, because she ran head-on into a sheriff's car with the deputy sitting in it; he was parked on the opposite side of the street. She said she was fiddling with the radio."

"She do like the radio," Iris said.

"Thing was, the deputy laid down on his horn when he saw her coming. She told the judge that the horn confused her, made her think an ambulance was coming, and she was trying to get out of the way." Iva Lea had taken off from school to take her mother to court, because the deputy had lifted her license at the scene of the accident. Edna's lawyer had argued, rather convincingly, that it was a clear case of age discrimination, but the judge, looking over half glasses at Edna's indignant black eyes, revoked her license anyway.

"He didn't make her pay to fix the patrol car, though, because of her 'long and sagacious service to the city.'" Iva Lea slumped down where she was sitting, still on the side of the bed. "I thought it was good at

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ENTRY TOPIC: AGING
DATE/TIME: 7:00PM



old blue Buick

the time, you see, because she really couldn't see well enough to drive. She'd drive up to wherever she was going and park in the middle of the street."

"That's what folks called 'Miss Edna's parking space.' Everybody drove around her old blue Buick, because they knew the middle of the street was the best place for her to park. I knew that much about her, before I come to work for her."

"When she lost her job and lost her license, that's when she lost her mind."

Iris got up and patted Iva Lea's shoulder. "Her mind's not lost, Honey. She knows who you is, all the time."

After the women discovered that Edna was no longer in the living room, they searched and called all over the house before Iris thought to look out the kitchen door. She found Edna dressed in her knit cap and gray sweater again, standing at the edge of the rain. Easing the door

open, Iris called out to tell her it was cold outside, like a movie rerun of the morning.

"I thought they'd have been here by now," Edna said as she walked toward the woman who called her Honey. She held her stick up for Iris to see. "This is my third leg. See how light it is?"

"Yes ma'am. That's the best third leg I ever saw."

"I thought they'd have been here by now."

"Who Mother? Who'd you think was coming?" Iva Lea had missed the first run.

"Somebody called. I don't know. So and so."

"Well, we're glad Miss Iva Lea's here, ain't we Miss Edna?" Iris signaled Iva Lea with an index finger to her lips.

"Yes ma'am." Edna hugged her daughter. "I didn't know you were here."

Iris handed Iva Lea a tissue. "I'll fix us some hot chocolate," she said.

"Your pin looks real nice, Iva Lea."

4.00031

Edna sat down in her chair beside the desk. "You want to look at this old album?"

Iva Lea had looked at that album all her life, and now wished that she had asked her mother who the people in the pictures and letters were. Now she turned the pages without looking at them.

"That was my grandmother's book," Edna said, "when she was at La Grange College. Lucy Lampton Hunnicut. My mother's mother." Iva Lea wrote that down.

During the hot chocolate, Edna fell asleep and Iva Lea pulled a chair to the window and began, again, to blot the mascara that ran down her face. "Her mind's just gone, Iris. She's just gone."

Iris carried a chair over from the kitchen table and sat down beside Iva Lea. The two women sat quietly until a cowbird came to the bird feeder. "Sometimes we sit here, Miss Iva Lea, and a cowbird come to the feeder. Miss Edna say 'molo-' something, I forget, but she say the big name of the cowbird. Then she say, 'cowbirds lay their eggs in other

My mind do that.
Don't yours?

bird's nests, you know. Too lazy to raise their own young.' Another time she say, "What's the name of that bird? She know it; she just can't call it up."

"If she'd stayed active.. on the council... kept driving..." Iva Lea watched the cowbird. "I didn't know that about cowbirds," she said. "How can she lose so much, then call it back up, the way you say?"

"My mind do that. Don't yours? In there all the time, but sometimes you have to think about something else for a while and it just come up?"

"But not like Mother. Hers pops up and goes away so fast. Then things she's known from a long time ago she always knows. Like solitaire. Like the right soil mix when you plant a geranium in a pot."

Iris got up and picked up the album from the desk. "The birthday girl," she said as she handed the album to Iva Lea, "is resting her eyes."

Iva Lea laughed.

"Look at that book, Miss Iva Lea. That's what your mama's mind is like. You see some them pictures has names on them, some don't. Some got the year on them. That's like your mama's mind-- like the stuff stuck in here every

which way.

The faces look familiar, but you can't put names on them."

Iva Lea looked at the pages she was turning.

"See these letters. They say 'Tuesday a.m. They say 'all my love M.C.' They just go in here any- place, no matter when they was wrote. No matter who M.C. is, he sends all his love. Facts stick in her mind just like that."

Iva Lea picked up the picture of Uncle Marvin and looked at the back.

"Sometime she call something up when she see a picture like this. Like this morning. She

been dreaming somebody called on the phone, said they was coming to see her. She stood out in the cold, just out of the rain, since I don't know what time. Then she come in here, pick up this picture and say, 'This is Uncle Marvin and his wife Aunt Dolly,' pretty as you please. She name all four children bam, bam, bam, bam. I only got Darby and Clopton wrote down. I couldn't remember my ownself."

"Wonder which side of the family they were on?"

"She say her daddy's little brother. He run a sawmill; and Miss Dolly, she was too lazy to look after her own children when they come to visit."

"Like a cowbird."

"I reckon so."

The women heard Edna moving around and turned to see her standing beside the desk, stretching the knit cap down over her ears. "Somebody's coming to see us," she smiled. "So-and-so. I'm going out to watch for them."

TIANA BRACHEL

AFTERHOURS

A half-trace exchanges my pinstripe jacket
navy skirt
tailor blouse for loose white silk
lays me down in softly-shaded kudzu
I forget the day's graphs
charts
letters

I do not see the snake delicately
Traverse my ankle
calf
inner thigh

Yet I imagine a summer-shade green length
Which saturates every pore
every nerve

He flows through the valley of my breasts
That carries him in shallow breaths
I tilt my chin

expose my neck to his serpentine glide
He whispers into the hollow behind my ear
over my jugular
crosses the bridge of my cheekbone
flicks his supple tongue against my lashes

I remain motionless
He brushes his tail through my hair
once

MATERNAL INSTINCT

Tonight is Wednesday;
Dish night-
and it's my turn.
I open the machine to confront
the baby blue maze
of hard rubber spikes.
I work plates around pans,
the colander among the cups
all the knives down,
and I tried to figure out a way
to put in the stoneware bowls
without scratching.
Bowls suck.
I don't bother to chisel
dried Cheese Whiz-
if it doesn't come off,
maybe it will next week
when it's Betsy's turn.

Now I sit Indian style
with my back against its metal frame
as if I had completed
hard labor.
I feel like an ultrasound
against a mother's womb.
The sound is almost alive
and I can feel a plastic lid
kick the side.
The outside is warm
with the heat of the pulsating water.
It relaxes me
and I bring my thighs to my chest
tying my arms around them
like apron strings.
I lay my head down and schedule
Laundry night
for tomorrow.

JACQUELYN STEVENS

JACQUELYN STEVENS RECENTLY GRADUATED FROM AUBURN UNIVERSITY. SHE IS DESPERATELY SEEKING A JOB THAT PAYS \$50,000 FOR 20 HOUR WORK WEEKS. IF YOU HAVE ANY LEADS, PLEASE CONTACT HER SOON (PREFERABLY AFTER 10AM.)

1.00036



JODY FAIRCLOTH

Charlie's Sunny Day

I'm sittin' on a corner juggling this one penny in my pocket. Not really juggling, more like shuffling, and this corner isn't your ordinary everyday corner. No, No, no, no. It's a corner of a point. The point is a curb that splits a fork in the road.

Now, I'm sitting here in this fork wondering what should I do. I've been thinking about going somewhere, and if I do go somewhere, where would I go. The fork is a junction of two small roads with one main road. My Momma says "Never, never, ever go

down the main road, so I
always follow the forks.

I know where the
forks go. One goes by
Mrs. Betty's house, she
makes me brownies, and
also passes Pastor John's
place with the big fierce
dog that always scares me
every time I walk by on

the sidewalk. I know
he's coming. His name
is Fred. But, Fred
barks so loud and snarls
so mean, that even
though he can't jump the
fence, he still scares
the willies out of me.
So, this road is pretty
good for the thrill
seeker and the sweet
tooth in me.


The other road
goes by Mr. Jim's house
which is more of a farm.
He lets me play with his
tools. I like to take
screwdrivers and drive
them into the dirt with
a hammer. It's fun. I

like to knock them
all the way in with
one shot.
Sometimes Mr. Jim
lets me walk out in
the pasture with
him so he can count
his cows. Every
time I ask him,
"Mr. Jim, how many
cows do you have?"
He always says "I
don't know Charlie,
you never know when
there might be one
more."

So we have
fun walking with
the cows. I "moo"
at them and they
bat their big eyes
at me. I know
they are wondering
who this cow is,
and why doesn't he
eat any of this
delicious grass.
But, they don't
know that grass
doesn't taste so
good to Charlies as
it does to cows.

The only
problem with Mr.
Jim's road is that
I have to pass this
big old wooden
house. It's kind
of broken-down and
the shutters hang
and bang in the
wind. Nobody ever
said the house was

I know
he's
coming.



haunted, but I got a gut feeling and that makes me really queasy when I get close to the house. So I run real fast by it.

My house is in the middle of the fork by the roads. It's a little yellow house and has two trees with big limbs that I climb in. I kind of like this house, but my mom always says, "Charlie, some day you're gonna go places." And last night I had this crazy dream that I went somewhere and all these fantastic things happened. I think it was scary, but there was the excitement and I woke up feeling very courageous about going somewhere. So I sat down and wrote a note that says, "Mom, I love you and I'm finally going places." I tacked it on the door and I walked to my curb to decide where.

First I thought about going to China to see how they make those cool hats. Then I wanted to go to England so I could be a knight. Then I wondered if I could go to Australia and learn how to talk to the kangaroos and see if one would let me ride in their passenger compartment. So while I

**This comes back
to my penny.**

sat there and thought a cloud passed by and I thought "Wow, that cloud is really going places, but it is moving so slow. The cloud looked pretty happy and I decided that maybe I should go places slow, too.

Instead of tele-
porting myself
directly to these
cool places, which
I hadn't quite
figured out how to
do yet.

So now I
have to go. The
only problem is
that I don't know
where to start.
This comes back to
my penny. It's a
lucky penny. I
keep it with me
everywhere I go. I
found it in a mud
puddle I splashed
in, smack in the
middle of Mr.

I flipped the coin
and it came up heads

Jim's field, and I thought,
 "What's a penny doing way out
 here in the middle of this field.
 How strange. I must have been
 meant to splash in this puddle
 and it must be a lucky penny."
 So, now I flip it and it decides
 all important decisions for me
 and it never leads me wrong.
 Since I'm a little kid this penny
 works great. All my decisions
 seem to be should I or should I
 not do something. Heads is
 always yes and tails is always
 no. One time I had to decide

whether or not I should go outside
 on a cold clear night. I didn't
 want to be cold, but the stars
 were so pretty from the windows.
 I flipped the coin and it came up
 heads and soon as I stepped out
 the door I saw a shooting star
 and I knew right away this penny
 had the power.

So now I've got to flip to
 see whether or not today is the
 day to set off down this one
 strange road that I don't know.
 It could have so many dangers, way
 worse than the loud dog or the
 silent house. But, it could also
 have many wonders too, like cows
 and brownies. I've been rubbing
 the penny for the last long while
 trying to get as much magic as
 possible running through it. I
 feel that the time has arrived to
 seek my destiny, or go climb my
 tree. Slowly, I pull it out, I
 hold it in two hands and look at
 it carefully, making sure that the

Little fuzzy

two faces haven't changed, because you never know with a magic penny. It's best to know that it doesn't do anything unusual like change face sides until it's in the air, when it is a proper time to do so. It flips over and over, hours pass by my eyes in those few seconds and I feel the wondering energy being shared between me and my lucky penny. Down it comes from the top of its arc and spins ever so gently in the bright yellow sun falling right in my hand. I squeeze it tight. Close my eyes and open them again and find my answer.

Wow, it is the day to go. Well, here I go. I step off the curb into the road that I've never been on that my mom says never, never, ever go on and it feels good. I got my trusty big boy backpack complete with side pockets and a draw

string top. I brought my raincoat, my blanket and my water bottle. Oh yeah and a few of Mrs. Betty's brownies.

I was walking along in the clear blue day, except for the occasional slow moving cloud happily going places, and contemplated air travel. My feet were starting to hurt. I passed by this hole



in the grass on the side of the road. I wondered what in the world would make a hole like this. And decided to discover the hole maker over one of Mrs. Betty's brownies. I was snackin' for a while when this critter stuck his little fuzzy face out of that hole and sniffed around. The little fuzzy thing looked like a real unusual cat. But it definitely wasn't a cat. Its tail was way too short. What could

That's quite a penny.

this be? I sat there and puzzled in an Indian style sitting position. It scurried here and there and every now and then would stand up on its back legs and sniff around. Finally, I asked the little thing what it was. But, I wanted to be friendly, so first I introduced myself. "Hello," I said. "I'm Charlie and I'm a little boy, who and what are you?" He turned his head real slow and stared at me with those daring, darling little eyes. "By chance would that be one of Mrs. Betty's brownies?," he asked. Totally surprised I blurted out, "Why Yes,!" and then remembering my manners offered him a bite. "Would you like some?," I asked. "Boy, would I,," he said. With that he scurried right up into my lap and nibbled the brownie.

After he had eaten all he had wanted he turned to me and said, "Excuse me, I totally forgot to introduce myself. My name is Eddie and I'm a proud prairie dog." "Good to meet you,," I said. "How did you know about Mrs. Betty's brownies?," "Well,," he answered, "she feeds me those good brownies whenever I visit. It's funny though, she never wants to talk, but I don't mind because she is so nice to share her brownies. I go there as often as possible, but Pastor John's dog, "Red", scares the grass seeds out of me every time I pass."

I nodded, because I knew what he meant. So, I told him all about me and my fork in the road. I talked to him about climbing trees, talking to cows and slow moving clouds. When I finished with that I told him why I was going places.

"That's quite a penny,," Eddie said. "Now, let me tell you about some prairie dog magic. We have these seeds that we call puppy poopey, because that's what they smell like. These seeds got magic when the great

spirit "Dilbert Dog" looked down from the great borough in the sky and decided to give us humble dogs a little taste of heaven.

Magic

He said I'm gonna make something cool for these little prairie dogs. So he bottled up the sun and stuck it in these seeds and

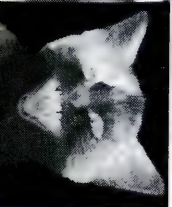
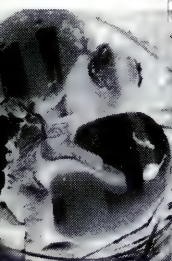
that's why they smell like puppy pooney because that is what the sun is made of. So the seeds were his gift to us, and when we chew them we just can't

quit playing and smiling, that's why we call these special days "sunny days." We always have great adventures here by the side of the road. We just have to make sure we don't get hit by the big speedy things when they pass." I nodded in agreement. "The only problem is when we chew the seeds we forget about foraging which is a big part of a prairie dog's life. We have to eat, you know. So we only eat the puppy pooney every now and then. And that is exactly what I was going to do today, right after I found something to eat. Since you were so kind to feed me some of Mrs. Betty's brownies, I was wondering if you would like to try some of

my puppy pooney."

Magic, I thought. Wow, prairie dog magic even. I was used to the smell of a little pooney from Mr. Jim's farm and I was sure interested to try this magic so I said sure.

We both stuck the seeds in our cheeks and worked em' like cows do their cud. We sat there and talked for a while and sprawled out in the soft green grass. I was a little tired from all the day's activity and yawned a big gaping yawn just as a slow moving cloud passed overhead. I decided to catch a ride on that cloud and took off in my imaginary bird body, or maybe it was



a cloud body because I sure didn't have to flap my wings to see the things that the clouds and I were seeing. There me and Eddie were laying on the ground in the grass a good walk from the dangerous road. It's safer to play there. The grass rolled like a big old green tongue in the mouth of a yak with the flu. It is definitely the flu, who knew that the yak's breath with the flu smelled like puppy poopey, at least I knew.

On I floated in the blue, tongue rolling, eyes bulging and yawning like big tired bears lumbering along twisting trails to their cozy caves for hibernation. Suddenly I realized that the earth was rolling the same way that I was flying. And the ground on the earth that was rolling was also rolling the same way that I was flying. And I was flying the same speed as the earth and the ground, which was rolling. So Charlie and Eddie, my good friends, were no further from me than when I became a floating cloud. I wanted to go further.

I decided now was the time to go fast. So I picked up the speed by blowing real hard on the back of the little cloud I was riding. I got a little further from my body and a little further and after a little while I couldn't see Charlie or Eddie any more. Wow, here I am all by myself with my friend cloud and I haven't even talked to him yet. How rude of me. Well I certainly must change this. "Hello cloud, I'm Charlie, well most of me is Charlie." "Ohhhhh," boomed the cloud in a sad slow slumbering voice, "I see you finally decided to talk to me. Here you've been talking to yourself and riding on my back this whole time, then

puppy poopey

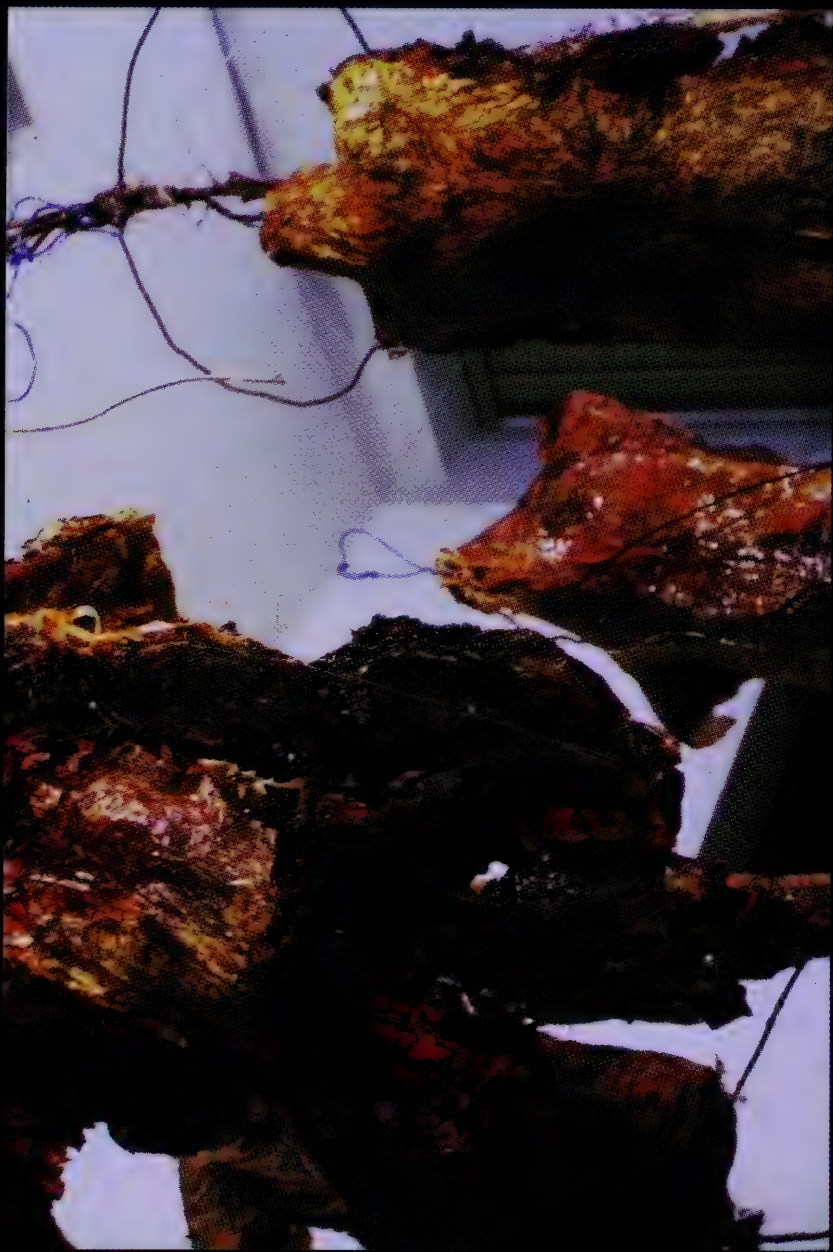
you made me go faster and now you finally decided to talk to me. Well, no thanks, I'm fine without your petty conversation. Good day." He sounded a lot like an old lonesome cow.

"I'm awful sorry, cloud, but I forgot to introduce myself because I kind of forgot I was here, because there's a big part of me back there," I apologized as best I could. "Excuse me Charlie," he said rather amusedly, if you can consider a voice that slow amused, "How can you be here when a big part of you is back there? Ha Ha Ha," he chuckled.

Wow, that was quite a question, I thought. How could I be here when I was really back there? It kind of didn't make sense. I was bewildered to the point of wanting to go back and ask Eddie if he knew when I remembered carving my name in the tree that I climb, after asking the tree's permission of course. Then it occurred to me. "Mr. Cloud." "Call me Bob," he said. "O.K. Mr. Bob, I've noticed that even though you're one big cloud, you leave little puffs behind here and there. Isn't that true?" I asked. "Well, yes, it is true," he replied. "So you could say that you

"Call
me
BOB"

continues on page 49



EXPERIMENT 'Red Bodies (a)' installation. Deborah Myles

DEBORAH MYLES IS A GRADUATE STUDENT WHO HAS JUST COMPLETED HER STUDIES. SHE IS NOW TEACHING. RECENTLY SHE HAD THE BONE CAVE EXHIBIT IN FOY UNION.



EXPERIMENT: RED BODIES (b). installation. Deborah Myles



EXPERIMENT: *Red Bodies* (c). installation. Deborah Myles



EXPERIMENT 'Red Bodies' (a). installation. Deborah Myles.

After a few minutes of silent soaring

I heard Mr. Bob snoring.

were actually in all those places, if not really there, but at least in spirit." "Yes, I guess I could." "Well that 's how I'm here and there," I declared.

"I don't know, Charlie," Mr. Bob the cloud said, "My big part is here, your big part is back there." "It seems that your "you" should really be back there, Charlie." I was quick to answer this one. "Have you ever had a dream, Mr. Bob?" "Yes, of course I have. I dream all the time," he said. "Well, were you ever in another place in that dream and thought you were really there?" "Oh yes, I have had the most delightful times in other places when I dream.," he happily answered. "And you thought you were really in those places and liked them?," I continued. "Oh, sure I did" he replied dreamily as if he was already in those places. "Well, Mr. Bob, I'm not exactly asleep, but I had the magic puppy poopey today with my friend Eddie and it made me feel like traveling like I do in my dreams so here I am." "I see," he said like he wasn't really paying attention anymore.

After a few minutes of silent soaring I heard Mr. Bob snoring. "Mr. Bob, are you awake?" I asked, kind of quiet like in case he was asleep. After a couple of seconds he said, "Yes, Charlie, I'm just imagining I'm asleep so I can travel to other places like you are. Maybe this way I can go anytime I want. Wouldn't that be nice for a lonely cloud like me, Charlie? I think I will visit some of those places that I left some of me, Charlie. Thank you so much for teaching me to imagine again. Farewell." So there I was floating with a cloud and without Mr. Bob the cloud, my new friend. I suddenly felt a little lonely and wanted to find another friend.

Down on the ground I saw another animal I had never seen before and decided to go

run with her because she leaped so high and far and seemed to almost pour across the grass like water over glass.

"Hi, I'm Charlie," I said for the third time, hoping to make her

acquaintance. With this her eyes got real big, she turned her head and tripped when she forgot to look where she was going. She was lying on the ground looking around most bewildered and frightened.

"Hello.," I said again. She

gasped "Who, who, who, what, what, where are you?" she stuttered meekly. "I'm Charlie.," I said again, very happy to be noticed. "Well you sound friendly enough, but you sure aren't easy to see.," she said

a little more confidently. "Where are you?," she asked. "I'm right here," I said. "But, you can't see me because my body is back there with Eddie. I caught a ride with a cloud, it's a long story, but I'm a little boy, what are you?" "I'm an antelope and my name is Deborah," she said. "What do antelopes do?" I asked. "What do you mean,

what do antelopes do?" she replied as if it were a silly question. "Well, you seemed to be running or bounding along, which you do quite wonderfully and I'm sure you could be great

Down on the ground
I saw another animal

I had never seen
before....



at ballet. Anyway you were moving in such a hurry I thought you must be going to do something important to be moving so fast, picturing Deborah dancing ballet or at least what I think is ballet."

"Well, I definitely wasn't going to dance or do anything important, Charlie. I just enjoy running," she explained. "What do you do when you are not running?" I asked. She squinted her eyes and then smiled at me, I'm not sure if she thought I was simple or if she had not taken the time to think so simply in a while, but she answered, "I eat and I sleep and when wolves come around run really fast so they don't eat me."

"Wolves!" I exclaimed. "They try to eat you?" I asked puzzled. "Oh yes Charlie, they love to eat us, you wouldn't believe how they lick their chops when they see me. It's downright obscene," she rattled off. "So it must be good to be able to run off so fast when you see them," I said. "Yes it's nice, but I hate having to be constantly on the

run from those guys. I wish I had a safe home to stay in at night. I never sleep too good, always on the alert you know," she finished sadly.

I scratched Deborah's back and thought about my nice, safe, warm home in the fork between the roads. Suddenly part of me was there, part of me was with Eddie,

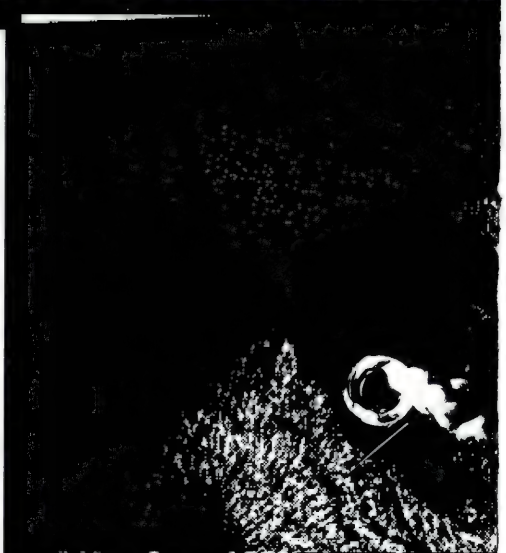
Well, I definitely wasn't going to dance...

part of me with Mr. Bob the cloud, and part of me was right there scratching Deborah's back.


"I have a nice, safe home Deborah. You can come there and stay if you like, although I don't live there anymore." She smiled and said, "Charlie, antelopes can't live in human homes. They need big open places to run and humans live in such small places. But I'm sure that it's nice. Why did you ever want to leave Charlie?"

"Mom always said someday I'd go places and a dream and my magic penny said today was the day, so I took off," I told her. Deborah said, "Well you've certainly gone places because here you are, but does that mean you can't ever go back?" "I hadn't thought about it," I said. "You should, it seems like you have a nice place to stay and that means you don't have to run from danger when you are sleeping," she advised.

I thought about the danger I ran from and knew that I wouldn't want to worry about



Red on the haunted house while I was sleeping. As I was about to tell her what I ran from she sniffed the air, hopped up and looked off in the distance. "Charlie, it's been real nice meeting you, but now I have to go." With that she streaked off in the waves of green grass. I stood up and saw some salivating wolves slinking stealthily to where we were sitting. Their snarls scared me, like Fred's, and I decided that it was time for me to run, too.



The sun was beginning to look like a spoon and my tummy was rumbling. I wondered what I would do when it got

dark. I didn't really want to sleep outside with scary wolves around. I thought I probably wouldn't sleep too well either. Maybe I should go home and be safe. I could go places in the daytime and then home before dark, so I could see my mommy when she came home from work. I hit the road double fast and munched the last of Mrs. Betty's brownies on the way.

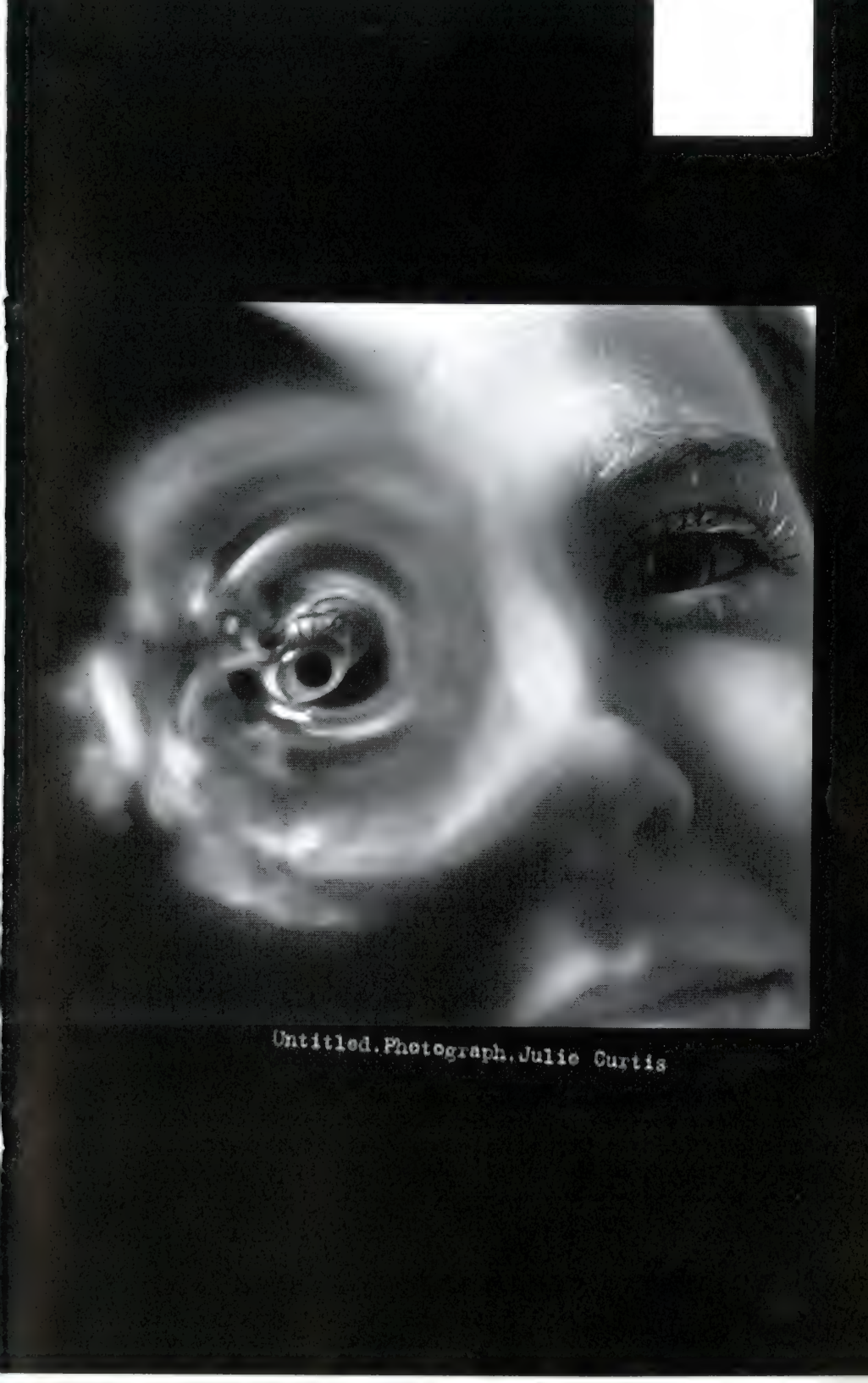
When I got home my mom still hadn't gotten home from work. I wrote another note and tacked it to the door. "Mom," it said, "I went places and came back. I

love you." I signed it Charlie and went inside to nap on the couch.

When she got home, my mommy said, "What have you done today Charlie?" I got really sad because I just then remembered I had done something that might make her mad. "Mommy, I'm really sorry, but I went places today. I went down the road I was never, never, ever to go down as far as the next hill. I'm sorry, but if I was to ever go places, I had to go places I'd never been before. I hope you're not mad," I said hoping for mercy. She smiled so big at me and said, "Charlie I'm glad you're all right, it's O.K." "Mommy I decided that even though I go places I'd like to be able to come back home, is that O.K. too?" I asked. "Sure it is, Charlie, You know you can always come home." "Thanks, Mommy," I said and ran to hug her.

After that she fixed supper and we ate while I told her all about my new friends

and where I went. I told her about leaving pieces of me behind and traveling in my mind. She thought that was great. I fell asleep in her lap and while I was dreaming visited Eddie, Mr. Bob the cloud, and Deborah. From now on, I'm always going places.



Untitled. Photograph. Julie Curtis

Len Pritchett

On the Seventh Minute

Legs unfolded, arms stretched out,
with a barren gaze,
I see helium burning
through greasy leaves
of a twisted, mangled trunk.

The window opens slightly to let
my beige velvet couch exude
molds and spores.

Organisms float in and out,
and finding fertile sanctity in my nostrils,
start colonies there.

Switching focus between my fikus and the sky,
I watch a willow tree outside,
struggling to swim,
its branches like flagella,
a dried-up jellyfish.

I sit up straight, causing my vertebrae to pop.
While my bones adapt,
each hand puts pressure on my skull,
until they slide up to meet and clench,
tightly behind my head.

I progress from the blue shag carpet in the living room,
to sterile linoleum with furry feet.

With a shovel, I launch dark, organic soil
into a brown basket made of oil from the Earth,
where I've placed dried, natural pulp,
carefully, so it will not intercept the flow of blood.

After filling a reservoir with lead-laden water,
the switch is flipped.

ASSURED 'N' VANCE
COINTEGRATION

Electric current flourishes.
With the same shovel, I transfer pure white sand
from one clay basin to another.

Mother's white fluid is retrieved
from a cold and dark place.
I watch from a distance
while I perform these tasks.

After seven minutes of hard labor,
hot rain begins to fall.

Fumes from the wet soil open my eyes
and tighten the corners of my jaw.

The sand,
the creamy fluid,
the soil,
heat and water,
laws of physics,
all come together,
perfectly.

LEN PRITCHETT IS A SENIOR IN CHEMICAL ENGINEERING. A FRIEND BELIEVES THAT LEN DRINKS COFFEE IN THE SHOWER IT'S NOT TRUE. LEN ENJOYS HIKING AND LISTENING TO BOTTLES OF 10,000 FAXIACS ON RAINY MORNINGS. BUT SPENDS MOST OF THE TIME HANG-GLIDING AS A SENIOR STUDENT. LEN HOPES TO SOON BE SWEATING IN ONE OF AMERICA'S INDUSTRIAL ARMPITS.

7.00057

Categorically Catatonic -

BRIAN PRESTWOOD

Categorically catatonic-
concentration, contemplation
consumes, controls me.
Creativity and conciseness
are the combinations
I carefully construct
within the convolutions
of the cranium.
Constantly, crazily construing;
compulsively crafting;
I am coerced,
compelled
Consequently
I am captivated
captured
and then contentedly confined
like cranberries
in a can.

BRIAN PRESTWOOD IS A JUNIOR ENGLISH MAJOR. HE LOVES SATIRE AND SCEPTICISM. WHEN
ASKED IF HE LIKED GANGSTER MOVIES HE SAID HE LOVES THE MOVIE THE USUAL SUSPECTS.



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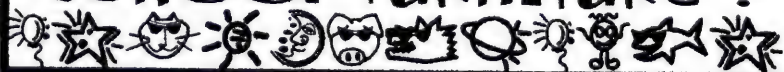
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March 8, 1997

7:00 PM

Beard-Eaves Coliseum

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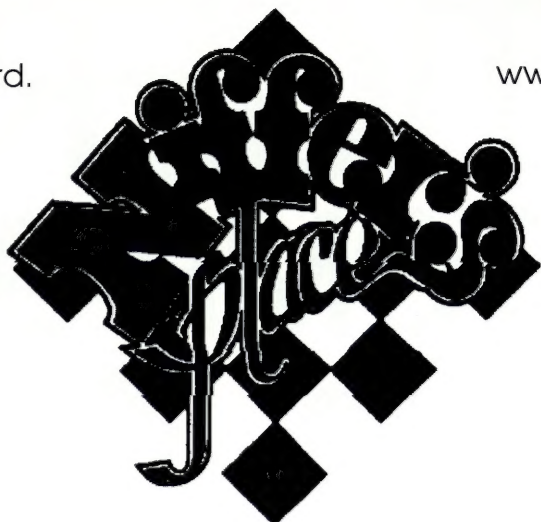
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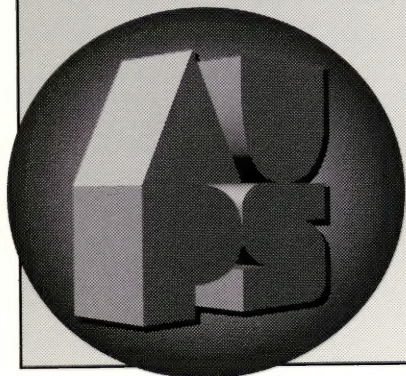
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